Lurking in the Shadows

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Lurking in the Shadows

by Murder_Cupcake

Summary

Will decided to watch a horror movie in the Halloween night, but didn't expect to get scared. Because of it, he ended up having a nightmare, not knowing that his imagination wasn't the only thing to fear.

Notes

A thread fic in which I mixed both Hannictober and Kinktober's prompts of Day 4: Fever Dream/Somnophilia + Horror Movies. Hope y'all enjoy and sorry for any typo.

It was a pleasant Halloween night. The moon was shining, its silver light entering through the living room's window, giving the place a mysterious, spooky aspect. And sitting on the couch with a blanket covering his shoulders was Will Graham.

After giving candies to children and feeding his dogs, he decided to do a thing he hasn't done for quite a while: watch horror movies. Earlier, he stopped by a store to buy one of those cheap horror movies, to distract himself from work. After all, he needed some fake monsters to help him deal with the real ones, those monsters he would find at every crime scene.

Will finally pressed play, letting the movie start. It wasn't a bad movie; in fact, it was quite the opposite. Definitely something he wasn't expecting considering the price he'd paid. He wasn't the type to get scared with horror movies, but this one was certainly giving him chills. He even got jumpscared at some parts, giggling at himself afterwards while eating some candies that were left over. But, close to the end of the movie, he started to feel uneasy.

When the screen turned black, showing the credits, Will noticed his heart was beating fast. Horror movies were good to feel adrenaline, and Will always had the need for it, but he didn't expect to be affected by the movie, at least not that much. Maybe it was because it'd been a long time since he watched one, he didn't know.

In any case, he got up from the couch, careful not to step on some of his dogs that were sleeping on the floor. He quickly went to his bedroom upstairs, eager to fall on his bed and sleep, feeling tired and sleepy. However, he decided to take a shower first.

While he washed his hair, the uneasy feeling increased, and he looked at the bathroom's window, not knowing exactly what to expect. Of course, there wasn't anything there, and he laughed at himself. "Scared of a damn movie, Graham?", he thought as he let the water fall through his body.

Then, when he was drying himself, he started to hum a song in order to distract his mind from the strange feeling that accompanied him since he left the living room. For a reason he didn't know how to explain, he left the bathroom avoiding to look in the mirror.

Soon he was under the warm blanket on his bed, and it didn't take long for him to fall asleep.

As expected, after some time, he started to have a nightmare, mixing fantasy's fake monsters with the killers he had to face everyday. If only he knew those weren't the only monsters there.

In his nightmare, he was being chased. He didn't know what was after him, but voices were whispering in his ears, and he felt breathless, heart pounding on his chest as he ran fast.

Suddenly, he stumbled and fell with both hands on the ground, gasping and making effort to turn around; he wanted to know what - or who - was going to end his life. He felt surprised and relieved when he saw there was nothing there. But the relief didn't last.

Someone - or something - grabbed his hands, putting them to his back, and he groaned in pain. It was sharp, like claws on his skin, and he was abruptly turned around, his face against the dirty ground. Will took a deep breath, trying to calm down and make his brain realize this was just a dream.

Little did Will know that, while he was sleeping, there was in fact something watching him from the corner of his bedroom, lurking in the shadows. Something that wanted to make him scream, something that wanted to taste his fear, savor his trembling body as he experienced the terrible nightmare.

The thing approached him, slowly climbing on his body, which made Will stop breathing for a second inside the dream. While Will tried to fight the invisible creature of the nightmare, his clothes were being torn apart, and he shivered with the sudden cold.

All of a sudden, he felt an excruciating pain and even inside the dream, everything became dark. There wasn't any invisible creature anymore, only the real one, and Will was completely unconscious.

The creature slid its claws through Will's naked body, stopping at his hips. Will remained motionless, and the creature lifted his hips.

Even unconscious, Will's body trembled when it penetrated him all of a sudden, mercilessly going deeper and deeper, making Will open his mouth a bit. The creature started to move, sinking its claws on Will's skin, piercing it.

It proceeded to fuck him with cruelty, and Will moaned and whined, his sleeping body reacting against his will.

Soon the creature filled Will's fragile body beneath with a warm, viscous liquid, and disappeared as quickly as it had appeared. It was enough for the night, promising to visit Will again.

Will woke up, sweaty and terrified. He noticed he was naked, and felt his hips aching. His whole body felt sore, tears still falling through his face. His body was burning, feverish. Above it all, he felt tired, so tired and lethargic that he was not able to do anything before his eyes closed and everything became dark again.

The only thing he could remember before getting unconscious was a flash with two red eyes shining in the shadows.

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